AN

EPISTLE

FROM

S——r S——O

TO

S——a F——A.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

S——r S——O——k

TO

S——a F——A.

Percurris agili corpus arte tractatrix
Manumq; doctam spargis omnibus membris.

Martial. Epig.

Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum
Nescio: ——————

Hor. Ar. Poet.

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M DCC XXVII.

EPISTLE

FROM

ORSINO

TO

ALCIDA.

AN EPISTLE FROM S—r S—O TO S—a F—A.

WHile Rival Queens disturb the peaceful Stage,
And Discord thus divides a tuneful Age;
While ev'ry Man declares, as Foe or Friend,
With equal Warmth to blame, or to commend;
Is't not enough, you boast from ev'ry Hand
Such thund'ring Peals?—while I neglected stand!

That at my Coſt, you ſtrive Applauſe to gain,
And by feign'd Tranſports give me real Pain.
Full prudently betwixt you both I ſteer,
On either Side — a Gulph — I'd fain keep clear.

Is it your Tenderneſs, or witty Spite,
That wounds me thus, where others reap Delight?
Alas! — too kind! — or elſe too cruel Fair!
Nor Fondneſs, nor Reſentment can I bear:
In vain you laviſh thus your Stock of Charms,
I droop my Head, and freeze within your Arms;
O that your Heat cou'd alter Nature's Law!
And bleſs what's frozen with a kindly Thaw:
That Dawn of Pleaſure wou'd my Pains aſſuage,
Tho' weak as Childhood, impotent as Age:
Teize then no more, where Nature does not call;
Or gently touch, — or touch me not at all.
Look round the Pit and Boxes, there you'll ſee,
How far you work on all the World, but me;
So juſt each Motion, ſo much Nature ſhewn,
That ev'ry Body makes your Caſe their own:
Grave Matrons feel a Warmth, gay Virgins ſigh,
The *Beaus* and *Belles* each other ogling die:

E'en frozen Age ſome fancy'd Pleaſure feels,
And vig'rous Youth with real Raptures ſwells;
Here Wives may learn the tender, kind Embrace;
While ev'ry *Toupee* wiſhes for my Place:
Yet I, unhappy I! — no Flame confeſs,
Tho' Head and Hands my Waſte and Boſom preſs,
I curſe the little Song, — and wiſh it leſs.

Thus curls the Ivy round the ſapleſs Oak;
Thus wanton Kittens old Boar-Cats provoke;
Thus with the Ox the youthful Heifer plays,
And bounding friſks her Tail a thouſand Ways;
Thus ſtupid I, nor hugging Ivy feel,
Nor Kitten blithe, nor friſking Heifer's Tail.

With more Succeſs his Plot *Pygmalion* laid,
And warm'd into a Bride his chizzel'd Maid:
The Lover's fond Careſſes were not vain,
Kind *Venus* heard his Pray'rs, and eas'd his Pain:
The ſenſeleſs Statue own'd a mutual Flame,
And harden'd Iv'ry Fleſh and Blood became:
But here the Goddeſs other Feats muſt do,
And if ſhe'd have poor *S—n—o* wooe,
Muſt change ſoft Fleſh into a Stone or two.

Curſe than that Statue I! — that cannot ſtand —
The fruitleſs Movements of your artful Hand!
Malicious Stars! — Curſe on that murd'ring Art!
Which kill'd my Pow'r to pleaſe, yet left a Heart:
Let not your taper Fingers tickling rove,
When next we meet; — what's lifeleſs cannot move,
And I the Tortures of Deſpair muſt prove:
To cure my Griefs, give moderate Delight;
One Matrimonial Hugg, — and then Good-night.

S——o.

FINIS.

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